

The Dales are the beauty of western Yorkshire, are its great beauty; nowhere ^{in England} are there lovelier valleys. As we have seen, the Dales are the upper valley of the rivers, which ^{then} ~~run~~ ^{run} in the Dales, ~~then~~ ^{then} cut out channels for themselves through the soft limestones of the moors. At first ^{these are} narrow, rocky glens, shut in by high cliffs, fringed to the top with bracken, bramble, bush & alder. And at the bottom ^{is} a sparkling ^{noisy} stream with many a whirl & eddy in its course; & forget-me-nots & marsh marigolds fringing its margins, & a green grass, soft as velvet, carpeting ^{the} narrow ^{bottom} valley. By and by, the rocky walls ^{fall} spread out, & the valley widens; the glen becomes a dale which holds many a village & hamlet, meeting amongst trees in its green bosom. Further & further back fall the rocky walls, or they disappear altogether: the moorland beck has become a quill river, flowing soft & slow through a wide valley, rich with cornfield & ^{meadows,} ~~pasture~~ & green pastures; dark, here & there, with the smoke of busy towns. And at last the river carries its waters to another river, which & dark if it have toiled through the manufacturing towns; but bright & clear enough still, if it has not been a ^{laborious} ~~hardworking~~ river, compelled to do

dirty work.

Many a story belongs to the dales; & much of the history of England is written here. In the ruins of Castle & Abbey, ^{and} there, in the dales, you find many an artist, with his canvas stretched under a white umbrella, for the ^{scenery} ~~scenery~~ here is very well that no other else in England will ^{any} find more lovely scenes.

Chis

Airedale & the valley of the Calder as I shall have
a good deal to say further on, for these two
dales, lovely as any in the West Riding, have
become the seat of the great manufacture of
Yorkshire, that of woollens. In no part of
England are the manufacturing towns so
more thickly than in these valleys. Within
eleven miles of Bradford, it is said that
a million of people are gathered in the thickly
clustered ^{towns} hamlets; - so dense a population as
not to be met with elsewhere in England, excepting
in London & about Manchester.

And yet, though the beautiful rivers ^{are often} ^{flow by the foot of} ^{the hills}
with respect from the mills & ~~are~~ ^{are} ^{some} ^{times}
quite ink in colour, though the trees & the
grasses are ~~a little~~ ^{here} ^{some} ^{beginning} ^{to} ^{lose} ^{their}
lovely valleys are ~~not~~ ^{not} ^{spoiled}. From every
manufacturing town in the district, in
minutes in a railway train will bring the
work people to a wood, or a wild glen, or a breezy
moor where they may spend a happy Saturday
half-holiday, & forget all the clamour & the closeness
of the mills. ~~And~~ ^{perhaps} ^{one} ^{reason} ^{why}
^{on the whole,}

the Yorkshire mill hands are ^{on the whole,} ^{cheerful} & healthy
folk, is because they do crowd the Saturday
trains, & there is hardly a beautiful spot in
the West Riding but they know it very well.

A Saturday excursion ^{train} to Bell Busk
is sure to be crowded. Let us take tickets & go.
The carriages are so tightly packed that we can hardly
sit, but that does not matter, nobody is cross ^{about}

about it; everybody is civil & kind. ^{213pt2cm39} & good tempered
jokes make the time pass quickly. ^{slowly as the train}
is.

At last we reach Bell Busk. What a pleasure it is
to breathe the fresh, keen air! Not a mill churning
is in sight anywhere; not a taint of fermentation on the
grass & the leaves. We have come walks faster than
the mothers who have little children to drag along.
Soon we go through a long green country lane
till we reach the village of Malham. We know now
that we are near what we have come to see - two of
the grandest sights in Yorkshire. Indeed, people
who have travelled all the world over say that
they ^{have rarely met with} ~~know of~~ finer rock-scenery than that
of Malham Cove & Gordale Scar.

We follow a stream whose sparkling waters are
strange to us; we think it is some mountain
beck of which we have never heard; but no, this
bright little stream is the very same Aired
whose dark discoloured waters we left behind at
Leeds.

And now a sudden turn brings us in front of
the Cove. A mighty face of rock, a half circle, rises
before us, straight & smooth as a wall, reaching
up steeply for a height of nearly 300 feet. We are
sited to the semi-circle, & think as we look up -

'Suppose it were really a giant's hall of the giants
& that it shut us in all round, & there were no
way of getting out but by the climbing to the top!'

We try how it would be to cry for help, & the echo
repeats our cry; we sing, & the echo takes up the chorus.
Birches have taken root here & there on the face of the
Cove, & the floor is grass grown, with scattered ~~scattered~~ ^{scattered} ~~scattered~~
stones we look at the great cliff, we feel as if we were shut
in there for our lives, & could never in a quiet cool prison
Presently, we notice a low arch at the foot of the

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^{love;} Could we creep through? No, for a ~~low~~ wide full stream
is issuing from this hole in the rock. It is no
other than the Aire, which we have tracked thus far
towards his birth-place. Do not imagine that this
is the beginning of the river; it has worked its
way down through the rock from Melham Tarn,
a small lake on the moor above the Cove. And
before ever it reached Melham ^{the} Tarn, ~~we have~~
~~seen that it gathered its waters on the~~ ^{the} ~~side of~~ ^{the} ~~moor,~~
~~called Dodd's~~ ^{go on to} ~~bottom.~~

And now we ~~are~~ ^{go on to} ~~the~~ Gordale Scar. We work our
way through a ravine where the bare rocks nearly
meet on each side of us, & what a scene of wonder
we are in! There can be no doubt about it, the
Giants have been here & have built themselves
these monstrous castles, ~~so high that a hundred~~
children standing on each other's shoulders
would hardly reach to the top, ~~as they~~
as high. Now we have the outside, ^{the} ~~the~~ ^{first} round tower,
~~the~~ overhanging turrets & outer courts of the
Castle, not, as at Melham Cove, the inside side.
These "munition's garths" take our breath away.
They are so like the buildings of ^{in form, yet} ~~in form, yet~~
as so huge & grand that ~~the largest~~ ^{the largest} ~~the largest~~ ^{the largest} ~~the largest~~
Castle would look puny by their side.

A stream has bored a curious round hole for
itself through the rock at the upper end of the
ravine, & down it comes, a pretty little waterfall
& ~~it~~ works its way out amongst the rocks till it
escapes from the ravine into the sunshine beyond
~~the rocks.~~

away the bridge which spans ^{the river} it & the building
which ^{on its banks} ~~come in its way~~. Was ^{the} ~~locomotion~~ ^{locomotion} or heart
which ^{it} ~~overtakes~~ ^{whirls} sweeps along in its terrible
flood; quick as thought, he is borne past the
village folk before any help can be given!

There are pleasant ~~pretty~~ villages scattered
in the valley, two or three miles apart, with
many workhouses in the village street, for the chief
business of the Craven people is to rear cattle
& sheep. Hardly a corn field will you come
upon in the upper valley, but such meadows
lay with many coloured flowers, especially
with a big purple wild geranium - before the grass
is cut, & then, of the brightest green, looking
prettier than any gentleman's lawn.

And what a time the hay harvest is, not a
woman or a child is to be found at home,
but out in the fields you see them, tossing
the sweet hay, sloading the carts high as a house,
then, popping the laughing children on the top!

And these lovely meadows stretch away
on each side of the Wharfe, & fill the valley &
climb the lower slopes of the hills. But up above
stretch the long lines of the bar brown fells
which climb in Wharfe dale on both sides. The
higher ^{you go} ^{up the valley} you go, the closer draw the fells until
at last you get ^{upon} into the moors; & the lower you
go, the wider spreads the valley, & the further apart
are the fells. The sheep find scanty pasture
on the fell sides, & higher up are patches of ling & heather
& if you climb to the top, you are on the ~~wide~~ moor.
Pleasant shady trees, chiefly ash, & oak & yew are

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are scattered over the meadows; & every now & then
you come to a ^{small} wood, for, many, many years
ago, nearly the whole valley was covered with a great
forest. You may gather snowdrops ^{some of} the wood
in spring, & later on, lilies of the valley; & in the
thick summer days, bring your baskets for wild
raspberries, big as those that grow in gardens.

Lower Wharfedale, below Ilkley, is still a pleasant
green valley with meadows & patches of wood: but
its play days are over; the river has to worth now, &
the tall chimneys ~~with~~ of busy towns gather
on its banks; but the mills are another
crowded together into immense towns as in
Airedale. A good view of the river, up & down
many is had from the hill called the Chevin
~~the hill~~ ^{little} pleasant town of Ilkley.

Part II. Tales of Wharfedale.

We have been up the valley & down the valley, & have
left the middle of Wharfedale until the last, because
there is much to be said about it.

First, there is Ilkley, a charming town on the
edge of Burnbold's Moors, with the river at its
feet. Here, upon the moor side, are immense
palace-like houses, where rich people keep
holiday, & come to be cured of their ^{ailments} complaints
by means of cold water & the fine air of the Moors.
Ben Rhysdyng & Ilkley Wells House are the
best known of these. There is a comfortable
home for poor people here, too, built by a rich
merchant - of Bradford for the ^{rich} poor folk of that
town. The great rocks on the edge of the moor
are called the Cow & Calf Rocks, because, seen
from a distance, they look something like a
cow & calf. On the side of the Cow is an enormous
mole.

shaped
mark ~~leaving something~~ ^{like a human foot}
this, says the legend, was made by the giant
Rumbold when he stepped across ^{both sides} from a group
of rocks miles away.

"There is a path by the river ^{over} shadowed with trees,
by which you may ^{walk} from Skelley to Bolton Woods
~~one of the~~ seats of the Duke of Devonshire, some of the
loveliest spots in England.

Here, set amongst trees, overtopping the clear river,
are the ruins of ~~an~~ ^{the} Bolton Abbey, where
some fifteen churchmen called ~~canons~~ ^{monks} used
^{at one time} to live, that they might hold services every day
in their beautiful ~~old~~ church. And fully
two hundred servants belonged to the house
that tilled the valley, where ⁱⁿ ~~the~~ waving
corn stood thick in those days - ~~sheep~~ ^{herded}
their cattle, clothed after the sheep ^{doled} ~~doled~~
over the fells. But King Henry VIII. ^{destroyed} ~~threw~~
^{down} the monasteries all over the land, sending
monks & canons adrift; a matter of which
we shall hear more presently. The canons
of Bolton were turned out with the rest, ^{there}
being ^{since} the property has been in the hands
of certain noble families.

The Duke of Devonshire is kind enough
to throw his beautiful place open to the public.
Sometimes a thousand people visit Bolton
Woods in a single day; ^{multitudes} ~~perhaps~~ ^{with their children} ~~perhaps~~
the ~~whole~~ ^{multitudes} people of the West ^{Midland} have had
no delight of the day there.

What is to be seen ^{at Bolton Woods} ~~there~~ ^{which is the gateway of the old} ~~the~~ ^{hall itself} ~~is not~~
Abbey, ^{enlarged as it is from a residence,} ~~very~~ ^{very} remarkable. But most picturesque &
lovely as the 'Woods', as the place is called, though it
is ~~not~~ ^{not} by any means covered with trees.

Nearby the Wharfe has tumbled down hill with a
very straight & rapid course, but now, finding him

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lily on level ground & amidst lovely scenery, the
winds about in & out, in the most curious way,
so that, from the high slopes, you may sometimes
conform to ^{clearing} fine paths lines at once. And every loop of
the river winds round a lovely green ^{tree-shaded} meadow
~~sprinkled with trees~~ & dotted with cattle. ~~Here~~
On either side of the wide green ^{meadow} meadows, or
the high fells, not bare but covered with woods.

Now, the woods gather up close to the river's
bank, & the branches ~~of~~ of the trees dip in the
water, & now, they fall back leaving open green
lawns. Now, monstrous crags shoot up amongst
the trees, & ~~from wherever you look~~ ^{from wherever you look}, the beautiful ruins of the
Abbey peep out of the greenness on the one hand,
& on the other, far away, you may see the grey
turrets of a ruined tower nearly hidden amongst
the ~~savory branches~~ thick woods.

There are many paths amongst the woods,
fifty miles of such paths, it is said, & every now
& then you come to a weather worn ^{bench} seat. You may
not be tired, but sit down, at the same, for every
seat is placed so as to command some delightful
view of the lovely valley.

Of the Abbey itself, there is a great deal to be said
if ^{for which we have no space} ~~you were old enough~~ ^{learned} ~~enough to understand~~
it. The walls are standing; columns & arch
& the lovely tracery of the windows remain; ~~to them~~
~~as they appear to the Abbey was~~, but the roof is off.

The green grass is the pavement; & grasses & ferns
wave in the windows & are rooted in the walls.

The nave of the abbey church is, however, roofed
in & is kept in ^{very perfect} ~~very~~ admirable order as the
church of the village.

Wordsworth, the "Lake poet," paid a visit ^{here} to the seat of
Bolton of his day; & he was so ^{much} ~~delighted~~ ^{delighted} with the Abbey
& the Woods that he wrote the ~~delightful~~ ^{delightful} poem